Comelenguas

by

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EXT. VAST FOREST TREE LINE - NIGHT

Fade from black into the top of a rocky tree line. The moon sits waning gibbous behind a stream of blood-purple clouds. A breeze passes by. We enter the undergrowth of the forest as the voice over begins..

MOON (V.O.):
Nothing on Earth gives the moon attention like the people do. Wolves may howl, moths will always be reaching, and the oceans..well.. you know. But people, they make up stories and hand them down generation to generation. People believe in so many fantastical improbabilities, and still they swoon for me. They worship my mystique. Even their calendars are to keep track of me and how I might affect their lives..

At the bottom of the forest floor, a pack of wolves devour a another animal in a small sliver of moonlit pasture. The whole pack displays furious, violent actions. Two wolves begin to fight.

MOON (V.O.): (CONT'D)
sighs still, people are no match for this wild pack - or even one wolf for that matter - without their instruments of death. People will always envy and marvel at Nature as long as they feel they are somehow different from Nature.. The only way they can comprehend Nature is by excluding themselves from it. People need something to emulate, something to reiterate, and a little something to procreate with.. modern people are not so different from their ancestors, trust me.

Waves crash at low tide as dusk begins to roll in from the left. As the light breaks, it unveils waves that crash into a littered shore. A stray dog carries a large bone in the distance and walks into focus.

MOON (V.O.): (CONT'D)
nostalgic laughter It's funny you know.. humans must always be domesticating something..if not their
(MORE)

MOON (V.O.): (CONT'D)
plants..

Barren fields of dust appear.

MOON (V.O.): (CONT'D)
then the animals..

A line of cows are pushed into slaughter at a slaughterhouse by a factory worker.

MOON (V.O.): (CONT'D)
and especially the ripe little clones
they call their "happy accidents"..

A row of headstones that all belong to infants fades in from behind morning fog.

MOON (V.O.): (CONT'D)
They love conditioning those accidents
to be afraid of exactly what they fear
for themselves..

Fade to black and fade back in to a door, poorly lit by a single overhead light. A security camera moves around above the door. From the security camera, it's clear this building is a fire station. nothing moves. four panels now appear showing two interior and two exterior shots of the building.

MOON (V.O.): (CONT'D)
and if exactly what they fear lies
dormant within those little
accidents.. well, I suppose that does
make for quite a story to be handed
down.

CUT TO: EXT. ALLEY BEHIND FIRE STATION - SUNRISE

A woman carries a small child in her arms wrapped in a blanket. She walks up the ramp to the door and knocks. The woman jiggles the baby's foot playfully. The door opens and she steps inside.

MAN:
You're late..

WOMAN:
Don't you mean early?

MAN:
No, We've been waiting.. you're late.

INT. HALLWAY SECURITY CAMERA

She enters in past the man and the baby morphs into a black aberration that follows along the wall as they all turn the corner.